

## In Nature So In Pianos

The law of "the survival of the fittest" holds as rigidly in regard to Pianos as in the case of human beings. Time invariably eliminates the inferior. Such an acid test as 65 years is conclusive proof of the high standard of

## Vose Pianos

Today they represent the highest 20th Century ideals. Positively no other instrument at an equal price is as dependable.



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A few used Voses at reduced prices.

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Oklahoma's One Price, No Commission Music House.



A Remarkable Easter  
Sale  
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Or the prettiest pattern hat in Oklahoma at \$3.98, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

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321 N. ROBINSON.

The tiny little shop near postoffice, open till 9 o'clock evenings, Saturday till 10 o'clock.



**THE PLACE  
WHERE YOU GET  
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All Rubber  
Heels...30c  
Ladies' Sewed  
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We fix your shoes while you wait, or call for and deliver free.

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**Read the Want Ads**

## ENTRY BLANK

In order to win a trip to the Rocky Mountains by securing 47 subscriptions for the Oklahoma City Times you must clip out the entry blank below and mail or send to Vacation Manager of Times.

### CUT THIS OUT

VACATION MANAGER, THE TIMES  
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

I am interested in your non-competitive plan of earning a free trip to the Rocky Mountains this summer and desire to try for a trip as outlined by the Times.

MY NAME IS.....

ADDRESS.....

I also have a friend whom I would like to have take this trip with me and would be pleased if you would write and explain the plan to the undersigned.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## Revelations of a Wife

Being the Confessions of an Average Married Woman



WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE THE EVENING CAME

"There! Now what do you think of your kitchen crock?"

Dicky stepped back admiringly from the dining table, where he had just finished arranging the flowers he had bought in the coarse brown jar against which I had protested so much.

To my housewifely mind the receipt of a piece of kitchen pottery was the receipt of flowers was ridiculous and I had felt much irritation at Dicky not only for putting aside my opinion with a carelessness, as it were of no importance, but for persisting in carrying the ungrateful thing into the dining room and putting the flowers into it.

But as I looked at the yellow daffodils, the white narcissus and the delicate tints rising out of the dark brown earth, I realized the artistic sense that had led Dicky unerringly to select it. Placed carefully within its some of the blossoms standing proudly upright, others leaning lovingly over the side of the dish, they looked exactly as if they were rising from the earth where they were grown.

I love flowers so much that the very sight of them mellows me, no matter how upset I am. As I gazed at the quiet blossoms I felt my irritation at Dicky's losing me again. After all, he had been right about the jar, and I could not believe he had meant to wound me.

I slipped my hand into his arm. "They are lovely, Dicky," I said softly. "I take it all back about the jar. It is the only thing for these blossoms, isn't it?"

"Of course," Dicky replied laconically. "Quicker how some of the simplest modest pieces of pottery have colorings which are a delight to the eye."

"Dinner all served," announced Katie from the kitchen door. Then her eyes fell upon the table, where Dicky had jumbled dishes and silver in a heap to make room for his arrangement of the flowers and her face grew dark with anger.

I hastened to avert the storm I knew was brewing.

"Never mind the dishes, Katie," I said soothingly. "Mr. Graham put them to one side when he arranged the flowers. We will put them all back again ourselves. Bring on the dinner."

**A Request Forgotten.**

Katie departed grumbling under her breath, but I affected not to hear her. I rearranged the dishes and silver and when she brought in the oysters she was silent again.

It was a pleasure to put a good dinner before Dicky; he enjoys every morsel of it so much. In spite of the depressing incidents of the morning my spirits greeted Dicky's, and we had a merry little meal, while Katie beamed at our appreciation of her efforts.

"Here, Katie," said Dicky, finished a large slice of Katie's cream pie, he held out a half-dollar to her. "That's in recognition of a mighty good dinner."

"Thank you," replied Katie. "No care if you put dishes on the floor next time."

Dicky frowned slightly as she left the room.

"Too fresh, by far, that girl!" he commented. "Can't you tone her down a little?"

I felt my old irritation at Dicky's inconsistency rising within me. When he had found that Katie, whom I had engaged as cook was the girl who had formerly done the housework in the bachelor apartment which he had shared with

three other artists, he had been delighted.

"Now I'll have the chance to finish painting of Poland for which she was going when she disappeared," he had said to me and added: "For heaven's sake, Madge, keep her out of my way until you had finished that painting for which she was posing. There is no easier way of making her angry than trying to turn her now."

She is positively irreproachable and so is the girl Justice. I believe it is not treacherous, but ignorant and high-spirited."

I suppose no man likes to be put in the wrong, and Dicky is a perfectly normal man. So I was not surprised when he took refuge in a shaft of irony.

This, however, is extremely interesting. If there is any acute coming you ought to charge a fee."

I thanked my stars for Katie's entrance at that moment with the coffee. I could not have trusted my voice to answer Dicky, and Katie's presence of course solved the difficulty.

As she served the coffee and made herself to avert all other possibilities of disagreement before the evening,

Lillian Gate Arrives.

I am afraid you will have to excuse me now, I said quietly after gulping drinking my coffee. "I must get those sandwiches out of the way as early as possible. Can I do anything for you?"

"You might as well have a comfortable nap with your papers before Katie has to clear up the living room."

Happily Dicky did not guess my real reason for wishing to be rid of him. He yawned contentedly.

"Nothing to do for me only to eat me now," I said quietly after gulping drinking my coffee. Then when you get your table fixed up, I'll come out and pay all the things for the rabbit on my coat or the table. I understand they don't have in our most recherché circle any more, the poor things, have degenerated into being served on the stage as typical of middle class entertainments. I've never gotten over my liking for them, while Edie and Lester are perfect friends. Harry rather looks avante at them, but quite safe he isn't being conventional enough, but likes them just the same.

He walked into the living room and I turned to Katie.

"I'll help you clear the table, Katie, and then you may bring me the sandwich bread and all the things I asked you to get last night. I'll make the sandwiches right off. Bring me the onions and a sharp knife. Then you may do the dishes."

The table was soon spread with things. I had opened two or three of the cans and put the contents into dishes when I heard the door bell ring. Dicky went to the door and I heard Lillian Gate's high voice and her husband's drawl.

I looked at the clock. It was only half past three in the afternoon. It was only half past three in the afternoon.

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